

The Little Girl Whose

Doll Days Were Over.

"Do you know, Clorinda Jane, I am in my teens? Think of it, Clorinda; it's today! How would you feel to be 13? Mother always calls me 'Baby-girl' this morning she called me 'Baby-girl' and said—just listen, Clorinda, because it's about you and Tilly and the paper dolls—she said, when she gave me my present: 'Not a doll this birthday. Your doll days are over, my little girl,' and, oh, the bracelet is lovely, but it means giving you up. I don't believe you feel half as badly as I do. But you ought to, and you do, don't you, Clorinda?"

Clorinda didn't stir. Whether the shock of the announcement had stunned her, whether she was too grieved to speak or too indifferent to bother, she never blinked one painted eyelash, never wept one little tear.

"There, I won't be so foolish. It's lovely growing up, even if your doll days are over. I'm going to have my



WITH A DOLL ON EACH ARM.

first party tonight. My skirts are coming down two whole inches. I'm to take dinner in the dining room instead of having tea in the nursery, and my hair—oh, do listen, Clorinda—my hair is going into a plait, a really, really plait, with a ribbon on the tail of it. No more troublesome curls to bother with. Don't you remember how I always sneezed when they wound them over that old stick and smacked them down with the brush? You wouldn't know me after today, I don't believe, so perhaps it's just as well we gave each other up now and forever."

With this tragic renunciation Clorinda's owner gathered the plump kid body into her arms, gave it a spasmodic hug and darted across the room to where a less elegant, but very sympathetic, doll lay huddled in the corner.

"And you, too, Tilly; you've got to go, and the paper dolls!"

A whole box full of gay paper ladies was tipped over, the well handled figures swooped up into one arm, and with Clorinda, Jane and Tilly in the other their mistress mounted the narrow flight of steps leading to the attic. There, under the eaves, she poked about until she dragged out a long wooden box. She took the lid off and laid Clorinda in, straightened the blue dress caressingly about the rigid body and patted the dimpled hands down on either side. Clorinda's blue eyes gazed up appealingly for a moment, then, as the box was given a slight jolt, their watery lids drooped over them with a little click.

All the time she was being dressed to her dainty white party frock with its fluttering ribbons, all the time she sat in 13-year-old state at the dinner table and heard her brothers do mock homage to her "teens," and all the time her guests laughed and frolicked, while the big cake was cut and the 13 scented candles were blown out and the girls passed around, Clorinda's mistress felt a queer little ache way down in her heart, a tremulous flutter in her throat, when she thought of the poor little stowaways up among the cobwebs under the attic eaves.

An hour or so later the girl whose doll days were over raised her tousled head from the pillow.

"I just can't stand it," she whispered, "and I'm going to do it, no matter how scared I get."

Down from her bureau she lifted a clean candlestick, lighted the taper, opened her door and peered for one timid instant into the dark hall, then hurried toward the attic stairway. First she bare foot and then the other limply climbed those twisted stairs. They creaked, and the candle spluttered, and the rain tinkling on the roof sent shivers down her back—not at all the sort of shivers a girl of 13 who's doll days were over should have. But everybody was asleep, even Tilly was dark, and there might be a search there!

Now, Clorinda must be rescued! And that hateful box was reached, once again the lid jerked off and in the dim candle light Clorinda and Tilly were dragged from the cramped resting place. The paper dolls could wait until tomorrow, but Tilly—oh, the stairs these two precious companions were carried, the candle shivering with them with pearly tears.

Oh, what a breathless tripping through the hall! What a hasty blowing out of the candle, and then what a scampering into bed with both dear old doll friends snuggled up beside her.

"Isn't this gorgeous, dears? Isn't this old house? I'm going to keep you in the nursery, and you shall watch me grow up, and whether my hair's curled

or painted or worn in a fluffy topknot like Aunt Amy's, and even when my dresses trail on the ground, I'm going to have you with me."

And then the girl whose doll days were over floated off into dreamland with a stiff little doll body hugged tenderly in either arm.—New York Herald.

CHINESE TYPEWRITER.

It Has 4,000 Characters and Was Invented by a Missionary.

The Rev. D. Z. Sheffield of the American Board Mission, president of the Tung-cho college for Chinese students, says the New York Press, has invented a typewriter for the Chinese.

The Chinese language consists of at least 50,000 characters, and a careful analysis of the classical works as well as of the spoken language has shown that not more than 5,000 are in general use, while 4,000 are ample for almost every purpose. The typewriter which Dr. Sheffield invented writes this number. The 4,000 characters are grouped in alphabetical order, according to their accepted spelling in English, a large number of those most commonly used being placed in a separate group regardless of spelling. The type are cast on the under part of a large wheel, the upper side of which is covered with printed characters, each one exactly over the type it represents.

The carriage moves freely to the right or left, and projecting from it is a pointer to locate the characters to be printed. The wheel is revolved with the left hand until the group or line in which the desired characters to be found is opposite the carriage, and the carriage is then moved with the right hand to the right or left until the pointer covers the character sought for. To the right is a crank, one turn of which links the type, while a small hammer forces the paper against the type, leaving a clear impression. The type wheel locks during the printing, and is automatically corrected if slightly out of place, the characters being brought into perfect alignment. The mechanism performs the operation of spacing, etc., as in other machines.

When it is considered that the written characters consist of from 2 to 25 strokes, which even the best Chinese scholar writes slowly, as they handle the brush delicately, and that a character signifies not a letter, but a whole word, it will readily be seen that Dr. Sheffield's machine saves a great amount of time and labor, while it offers the advantages of other machines—namely, uniformity, accuracy, exact spacing and neat work.

Electric Teakettle.

One of the handiest things imaginable for 5 o'clock tea is the electric teakettle, says the New York World, which stands on the table and boils the water needed without flame or



ELECTRIC TEAKETTLE.

fuss of any sort. When the kettle is removed, crackers can be warmed on the standard or Welsh rabbit made in a pan set upon it. The kettles hold from one to two quarts and may be had either in nickel or silver plate. Stewpans, egg boilers and coffee-pots are made on the same plan, and the electric charging dish is simply ideal. All these may be connected with the lighting circuit.

Wonderful Operation.

In May, 1899, one of the most remarkable surgical operations on record was performed by Dr. Lavelangue in the Children's hospital in Paris. It was the case of an idiot child. Its head had stopped growing since it was 4 years of age and was only one-third the normal size. Believing that the idiocy was due to compression of the brain, the doctor divided the skull longitudinally and kept the edges of the bones from uniting. Fresh deposits of bone took place, and the skull gradually expanded to almost its proper size. Then the intellectual faculties, which had hitherto been those of an infant, grew stronger and stronger every day till at last the child was as sound and healthy as any other in France.—Exchange.

Banana Plummery.

Slice three bananas and arrange in a glass dish in alternate layers with three lady's fingers split in halves and squeeze over them the juice of one lemon. Make a soft custard of one cupful of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch, the same of sugar, one half saltspoonful of salt and the yolks of two eggs. When it thickens, pour it over the bananas and cake and let it stand until cold and ready to serve. Then cover the top with a meringue made of the whites of the two eggs beaten until stiff and dry, and into this beat two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of orange extract.—Household.

FASHION HINTS.

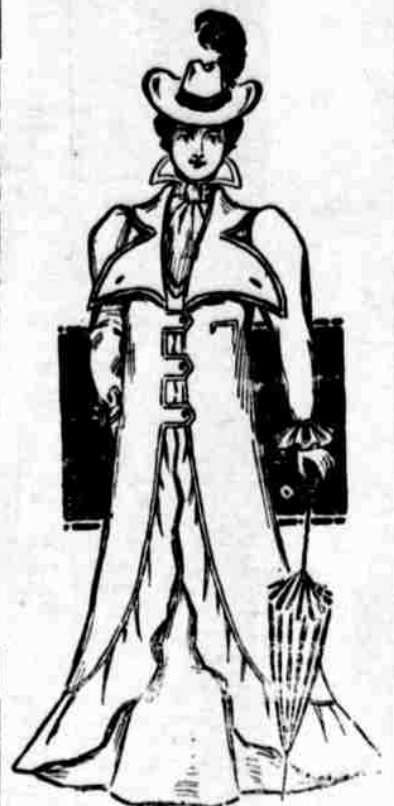
Bodices and Skirts—A Novel Traveling Cloak.

The fashion of using a sheet of paper which must be folded in order to fit the envelope has now been abandoned for wedding announcements. The size of the paper is reduced so that the sheet may be slipped into the cover without being doubled.

Colored bodices are still worn with black skirts, but not for ceremonious occasions. If the bodice is trimmed with black, the effect is better.

With a skirt of colored silk veiled with lace, or for a young girl a skirt of colored voile, various harmonious bodices may be used for demurety. A pearl gray or mauve skirt prettily accompanies almost any light bodice—straw, pink or white.

The fashion of fancy belts, sashes and corsets affords another means of varying



TRAVELING CLOAK.

the costume without great expense. A corselet of black satin with black satin ends edged with tiny ruffles of blue mousseline de sole will go with any gown light or dark, and elaborate jeweled belt or belts of bright red kid serve as adornment for cloth costumes which are otherwise plain.

Opals, as everybody knows, are supposed to bring ill fortune, but agates, emeralds and pearls are beneficent in their influence.

The picture shows a new traveling wrap of mastic cloth. It is loose, and the front are curved, a circular ruffle following the edge. It has large covers and is closed by three buttoned tabs, the buttons being of pearl. The wrist of the plain sleeve is finished with a circular ruffle.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

He Ate His Fill.

A local clergyman is telling a joke on himself. He went to Chicago on business and was asked by a family in his church to call on a married daughter there. The pastor called and received a hospitable welcome. They urged him to come to dinner, but he had an engagement. Then they remarked, "Well, will you not eat a little luncheon?" The hostess pointed as she spoke to a small table on which were a small dish of salad, some bread and fruit. "Well, I don't care if I do," replied the caller, who drew up a chair and began an onslaught on the provisions. He fancied they had been arranged expressly for him, and it was only after he had got through that he noticed the blank looks of the family. In fact, he had devoured the entire luncheon which all had expected to eat.

"Madam, what must you think of me?" he exclaimed to the hostess. "But let me beg of you not to judge all Kentuckians by me. I am the sole stupid one in our state."

He was equal to the lady whose hostess showed her a dish of water cress at a side table just before dinner was served. Thinking it had just been purchased, she stuck her hand in the dish and took a handful of it only to find it dressed with French salad dressing and prepared to accompany the birds at the meal.—Louisville Times.

He Noticed the Likeness.

A Parisian swell recently had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," said he, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail.

After the dandy had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ears and exhibited it in the window, thus altered, to the gaze of the curious public.

It hadn't been long exposed when the dandy entered the artist's studio in a towering rage, and, finding that threats amounted to nothing, he at last offered to buy it, even at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It wasn't strange you didn't recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, "but I know you'd notice the likeness as soon as I added those ears."—Spare Moments.

Consistent Reasoning.

Mrs. Tuppenny—These prizefighters have enormous muscles, haven't they?

Tuppenny—Yes, indeed.

Mrs. Tuppenny—Well, it looks like they ought to be able to elevate the stage if anybody could.—Kansas City Independent.

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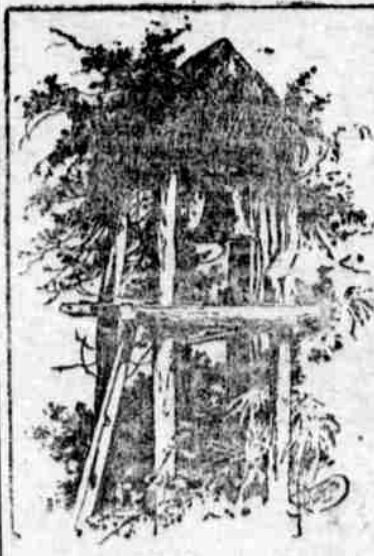
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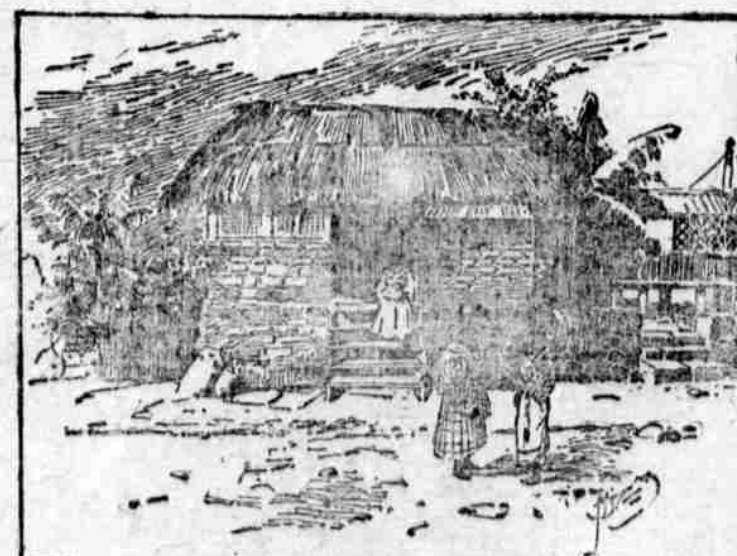
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The Old Bell at Sumare, Ladrones Islands. Built in 1680. Reproduced from an illustration in "On to Manila." "On to Manila."



A Native House in the Ladrones Islands. Drawn from an illustration in "On to Manila."